THE HOME.

It is not doubted that men have a home in that place where each one has established his hearth and the sum of his possession and fortunes, whence he will not depart if nothing calls him away; whence if he has departed he seems to be a wanderer, and if he returns he ceases to wander. —Condition from Civil Law.

"Then stay at home, my heart, rest,
The bird is safest in the nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly,
A hawk is hovering in the sky."
—Longfellow.

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Robin and the Chicken.

A plump little robin flew down from a tree,
To hunt for a worm which he happened to see:
A frisky young chicken came scampering by,
And gazed at the robin with wondering eye.

Said the chick, "What a queer-looking chicken is that!
Its wings are so long and its body so fat!"
While the robin remarked, loud enough to be heard:
"Dear me! an exceedingly strange-looking bird!"

"Can you sing?" robin asked, and the chicken said, "No."
But asked in its turn if the robin could crow.
So the bird sought a tree and the chicken a wall,
And each thought the other knew nothing at all.
—Grace F. Coolidge, in St. Nicholas.

A Missionary Journey.

[Well-Spring.]

The twins' Sunday-school lesson that afternoon had been "Paul's First Missionary Journey." They were so quiet at tea-time that Aunt Clara, fearing that they were ill, sent them to bed quite early. No sooner were they left alone than Hettie exclaimed:

"Nettie, let's you and me be missionaries"

"That will be fun," said Nettie. "Let's start right off to-morrow morning."

Hettie thought perhaps the fun would not be just of Nettie's sort, but she only said: "Where shall we go? Paul didn't have to go very far from home, did he?"

Nettie, a little troubled at this idea, slowly said, "I don't know. But can't we be missionaries without going away off? I don't believe I want to go to Africa or Asia, Hettie," raising herself on her elbow; that's a dreadful way off in the geography."

"That's so," replied Hettie; "but perhaps we won't have to stay away nights, anyway. We'll ask Aunt Clara."

"Yes, and if it's too far off, she won't let us go." And then they dropped to sleep.

Aunt Clara, who had returned for something, overheard what they had been saying. She smiled a queer little smile, nodded her head, and tiptoed away.

Now the twins had a good many faults which Aunt Clara plainly saw. Rather wilful and selfish, they did not make themselves useful very cheerfully. They were always rushing headlong into plans, and then as quickly backing out when things went wrong. But their mamma was dead, and so Aunt Clara patiently tried every way to improve them.

The next morning they told her, and she said they might be missionaries, and come home nights for awhile. Then what a busy morning! They had not thought of any place to go, but Hettie said, "We'll have to get ready first, anyway."

So they stowed away tracts, old books, toys and garments; and Aunt Clara put in a feather duster, needle, thread, thimble, some liniment and flowers. "Just as if we were going to work," whispered Nettie to her sister.

Afternoon came, but how it rained!

"We can't go missionarying to-day," cried both, dismally.

"As you are not expected anywhere today," said Aunt Clara, "you might play missionary and visit the family."

Their faces brightened, and a few minutes later two little figures bearing a basket stood at grandma's door.

"We are missionaries," Hettie began. "How is your rheumatism to-day ma'am?"

"Very bad, dear," replied grandma. "Now, if I only had some liniment, it might help me."

As Hettie pulled out the bottle, she remembered that she had frowned when asked to go after it before dinner.

"Perhaps you'd like some tracts," said Nettie.

"So I would, dear; but my old eyes could not read them, and I get right lonesome here all alone, just think." Nettie blushed, for she always pouted when sent to read to grandma, and haistily broke in with, "Missionaries always read to people." And she read it aloud.

"Now, that has done me so much good," exclaimed grandma, while vainly trying to thread her needle. Hettie, who had been soberly watching her, and who usually called grandma's needle a bother, rose softly, took it and threaded it, while Nettie took out the flowers, which she remembered that grandma dearly loved, and placed them in a vase on the mantel.

"How your bright eyes have cheered me up! Come often, dearies," she said, as they left.

"Yes, ma'am," they replied with faces uncomfortably flushed.

Brother Bob's room was next; and what a room! Bed unmade, ashes, brooms, shoes and garments all over, and Bob in the midst, without jacket or stockings, wearing his shabbiest pair of trousers and mending.

"How do you do?" exclaimed Bob, looking up at them, as they entered the room. "On a missionary trip, are you? Why, of course, you can do something," he replied in answer to Hettie's questions. "Here is my coat with a rip, and all my trousers want a button, and my socks—just look at them," said Bob, as he held a very ragged pair of socks up to the light. Hettie took the pants out of his hand; and Bob, fishing out a handful of buttons, piled them, with several pairs of trousers, into Nettie's lap.

"Just excuse the looks of my room," continued he; "for my sisters have gone missionarying among the heathens, and there is nobody to clean up."

The girls glanced at each other, as they remembered that they had not done their up-stairs work that morning, and how often they had refused to mend for Bob. Now they worked with a will, and soon straightened all things, finding Aunt Clara's contributions quite useful, and tucked the ragged garments into the basket. On leaving, Bob said gratefully, "'Tisn't every boy that's blessed with two sisters to missionary to him."

They laughed a little outside, and then started for Aunt Clara's room. "Well, how do you like being missionaries?" she said.

"It's fun," cried Nettie; "and we did missionary some"

"Yes," broke in Hettie, "and I guess they missionaried some to us, too. Aunt Clara," added she, "I guess we ought to stay home and be real home missionaries"

And Aunt Clara smiled that same queer smile, and replied, "That is the best kind of missionaries for little girls to be."

Thinking.

[Joseph Alden, L. L. D.]

"He is a man of intelligence and culture." Let that remark be made of a man, and you at once feel more respect for him than if you were to hear it said of him, "he is rich man" It is better to have a reputation for intelligence and culture than to have a reputation for wealth.

What is an intelligent man? One who knows a great deal perhaps you may say. A man may have a great deal of knowledge, and yet not be a very intelligent man. The word has reference to a man's capacity for understanding things, rather than to the amount of his knowledge. It relates to the condition of his mind for knowing, rather than to the amount known.

You may not have very good advantages for acquiring knowledge from books; you may lack both leisure and books; but you have advantages for becoming intelligent. An intelligent man is one who has capacity to understand things—capacity to reason—to think. You may not have it in your power to acquire certain kinds of knowledge, but you have it in your power to become a thinker.

What is a thinker? Did you ever hear it said of a man that he did his own thinking? You have, and you understood the remark was one of commendation. Every one ought to do his own thinking. It is as important for his mental growth, as doing one's own eating is for his bodily growth.

A thinker is one who thinks. What is thinking?

You promised, we will suppose, to go to a certain place yesterday. You failed to keep your promise. You say, "I did not think of it." You merely assert that you forgot your promise. That would imply that to remember is to think. But thinking is something more than remembering.

You receive a proposal to take part in a certain enterprise. You say, "I will think of it." What do you do when you think of it? You turn your attention to it, that is, you look at it. You see what reasons there are in favor of your taking part in the enterprise, and what reasons there are against it. The process of thinking in this case consists in looking at the subject and seeing what is true with respect to it. Thinking, then, is simply seeing the truth.

We see some truths directly. We see the objects around us directly. We see self evident truths in relation to science directly. We do not call these acts of direct seeing, thinking. When we see them, and see other truths in consequence of having seen them, we are said to be thinking. The most important part of thinking is inferring truths from other truths. In order to become thinkers, we need to form the habit of inferring correctly. Let us therefore examine the process of inferring, that is, let us see what the mind does when it draws inferences.

You wake in the night and hear a pattering on the roof. You say it is rain. How do you know it is rain? You do not see the rain drops nor feel them. You say you hear them. You hear a sound, and infer that rain is falling, because you know, from experience, that rain in falling makes a sound similar to that which you now hear. From the sound heard, and the previous knowledge recollected, you infer that it rains. If you were ignorant of rain, and the sound it makes when falling on the roof, you could not draw the inference. You would simply hear the sound. You would know that it had a cause, but you would not know the cause.

It is asked will Mr. B. succeed in the business in which he is engaged? The answer is, "I do not think he will." The answer we will suppose was made by a thinking man. Of what process of mind is the conclusion, "I do not think he will," result? What did the thinking man do? He considered the kind of business. He saw that it was one that required a great deal of skill on the part of the conductor; he saw that the conductor had given no evidence of the possession of that skill. He saw that the difficulty of succeeding was increased by the great competition resulting from the great number of persons who had gone into the business. He saw signs of a coming tightness in the money market, which would increase the difficulties in the way of success. From these, and, perhaps, from other facts, he inferred that Mr. B. would not succeed. The process of thinking consisted in observing facts and in drawing inferenees from them. Correct habits of observation and correct habits of inferring will make one a thinker.

You do not need to go to school in order to form habits of careful observation. You have simply to fix your attention on objects that are around you. A farmer was asked some question relating to his farm. "Ask John," was his reply, "he notices everything." John was one of his sons. He had only the advantages of a very ordinary district school. After he was old enough to work, he went to school for only a few months in the winter, and yet he became a justice of the peace, a member of the legislature, and a judge of the county court. These offices were not sought by him. They were given to him because he was an intelligent and honest man. It was said of him by his father that "he noticed everything." The boys used to say of him, "John sees all there is to be seen." The consequence was, he saw a great deal more than the other boys saw. He did not confine his attention to facts learned by the eye. When anything was said, he listened to it, and if it was worth remembering he tried to remember it, and if it was worth thinking about, he thought about it. When he was at work on the farm, he thought of what he had seen and heard. For example, he heard two men talking about what government ought to do in regard to manufacturers. The two men differed widely in their views. He noticed what each one said, and thought over it while at work. He drew several conclusions. He could not decide which one had "the true side of the question." He inferred that Mr. A. had read more on the subject than Mr. B. He also inferred that Mr. B. had the best mind and the best command of language. He saw that it was important to keep cool while arguing; for Mr. B. made some mistakes which he would not have made if he had not been excited.

When he noticed a thing, an object or a fact, it was not merely for the purpose of seeing it, and saying that he had seen it. He asked himself, what can I learn from this fact? He thought about everything that he saw or heard. He thus became a thinker. Men looked up to him. They came to him for advice. They elected him to office.

Thinkers always have influence. "Think and act," says a distinguished man, "and you will gain influence." To gain influence is to rise in the world. The influence gained by the thinker is a lasting influence. From the elevation which he gains he is never compelled to descend.

Influence is sought in many ways: often by deceit. Influence thus gained is liable to be lost at any moment. Influence gained by intelligence, honesty and kindness will be permanent.

I think you desire to become a thinker—to sway men by the power of truth. You know how to become a thinker. You can do it without books, though books may aid you. If you are without books, subjects of thought will nevertheless present themselves every day. You learn to think by thinking. The more you think carefully, the better you will think.

Books, as I said, may aid you in thinking. When I was a boy, I thought that one could not learn to think without having books to study. I found that there were good thinkers who knew very little of books. I found that books could be studied without much thought. I afterward found that the proper study of books helped one to acquire the habit of thinking.

The person who wishes to learn to think will be careful in his choice of books. A great many books have no tendency to awaken thought on the part of the reader. They present only commonplace thought, and are not worth reading, except for the information they may convey. There are other books which set the reader a-thinking. They are commonly the productions of first-rate minds. It is seldom wise to read a book produced by an inferior mind.

You know that there is an advantage in having familiar intercourse with men of superior minds. You would not choose the society of weak and ignorant minds, if you could have that of strong and learned minds. In like manner you should not spend your time in perusing the works of feeble or commonplace minds, when those of first rate minds are within your reach.

When you read you should pursue a course of thinking similar to that described above in connection with things seen and heard. Give strict attention to the book—to the thoughts contained in it. Be sure that you understand each successive thought. Notice the connections between the different thoughts. Dwell on each as you were directed to dwell on each object of observation. In that way you can learn to think when you read. You get material for thinking which you could not get by observing the objects around you.

Waking.

"Peep! peep! peep! peep!"
Hark! hark! 'tis the call of the frogs.
The cowslip buds in the meadow marsh;
The rushes start in the bogs.
Come, violet, come in your purple hood!
Come, wild wake-robin, and light the wood!
Shine, star-flower, shine in your emerald wheel!
Come, small white plume of the Solomon's-seal!
Bloom, wind-flower, bloom, to the south wind true!
Come, innocence, color the brookside blue!
Come, yellow bell of the adder's-tongue,
Again o'er thy spotted leaves be hung;
Croak, bull-frogs, croak,
Peep, little frogs, peep,
Till the very last blossom
Wakes out of its sleep!

KNOTTY PROBLEMS.

Our readers are invited to furnish original enigmas, chrades, riddles, rubses and other "knotty problems," addressing all communications relative to this department to E. B. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine.

No. 1189.—A Child of Light.

Antiquity doth claim me for her own;
I was born on the day that the first light shone,
And through the long ages I have been
Of every personage and of every scene
A witness—though mute and blind I may say—
Yet active and lively throughout the day.
I glide o'er the earth with noiseless tread;
I dwell 'midst the living, I dwell 'midst the dead:
I sail on the ocean and run on the land,
And encompass all nations on every hand.
I have cast a dark pall over many a home,
Yet the wanderer greets me and ceaseth to roam.
I've been the sad cause of numberless scandals,
Still I romp with the children in their innocent gambols.
I have created much mirth with my comic distractions,
And whilst you are reading I copy your actions.
If constant companionship and long patient waiting
Constituteth a friend, then I'm far above rating.
S. I. B.

No. 1190.—An Anagram.

'Tis something false, of bad repute,
Unworthy of reliance,
"I call a chemist" to refute
The dogmas of that science,
Its reasoning is sophistical,
Its teachings dark and mystical.
NELSONIAN.

No. 1191.—An Enigma.

There dwelt in England once a man,
1, 2, 3, 4 his title ran;
My 6, 7, 4 he had twice over,
And 5, 1, 2, 3 was his cover;
2, 5, 6, 7 they called the land
Whereon, firm-built, his house did stand.
By 5, 1, 8 'twas overhung,
And poets of the place have sung.
(And here—'tis proper you should know it—
I have to say my whole's a poet.)
Some said this man was 5, 6, 8,
And some said not, and raised debate,
But this is sure, that 5, 2, 3
Was cause to him of misery.
You ask his name, and ask in vain,
Though 2, 3, 1 can it explain.
E. E. PIERCE.

No. 1192.—A Palindromic Knot.

I contain, first, a wondermark; second, a halting sign; entire, I express in spirit the genial salutation: "Now I've got you."
SEEMER.

No. 1193.—An Olden Signal.

My first a brute of worthless kind
Or worthless man may name;
My last we shall not many find—
It comes from fire or flame.

My whole a signal loud and clear
To us comes sounding down
From England's Norman conquerer—
'Twas heard in every town.

It bade the weary toiler cease,
And in his home secure
To rest in happy dreams of peace,
When safety was made sure.
SEA.

No. 1194.—A Charade.

Ah! Mary, we are getting old,
And setting is our sun;
We've passed through life together,
Our first 'tis nearly done.

So, wife, draw up your chair here,
Come nearer to the grate:
We'll talk of by-gone days, wife,
And see what's been our fate.

Ah, me! it's fifty years ago,
How happy we were then!
Together to the school we went,
And were whipped by Master Ben.

And after we had left the school,
So young, so full of life,
Before the minister we stood,
Who made us last and wife.

Then came our Fannie, such a girl,
She was her father's pride;
We watched her as so tall she grew;
The fever came, she died.

Ah! Mary, that was hard to bear,
Oh Lord! thy will be done!
She was the only child we had,
The great total needed one.

But, wife, our journey soon is o'er,
And when at rest we lay,
They shall put us where they laid our child
At the close of that August day.

And when we get to Heaven,
That spot where Fannie waits,
There shall be a glorious union
Within those golden gates.
EMPHATIC.

Some Reader's Reward.

Pope's Poetical Works, nicely printed and bound in cloth, will be presented the reader furnishing the best lot of answers to the "Knotty Problems" of May. The solutions for each week should be forwarded within six days after the date of the Sentinel containing the puzzles answered.

Answers.

1175.—Cat.
1176.—Newsboys.
1177.—Islander.
1178.—Vigils (Vigils).
1179.—1, Buck. 2, Buck-bean. 3, Buck-ram. 4, Buck's-horn. 5, Buck-thorn. 6, Buck-wheat. 7, Buck-eye. 8, Buck-mast. 9, Saw-buck. 10, Buck-stall. 11, Buckra. 12, Buck-board. 13, Buck skin. 14, Buck Fanshaw (in Mark Twain's "Roughing It").
1180.—Inter-mediate.
1181.—Recorporification.

Man and the Ascidian.

A MORALITY.

"The ancestor remote of man,"
Says Darwin, "is the ascidian,"
A scanty sort of water-beast
That, ninety million years at least
Before gorillas came to be,
Went swimming up and down the sea.

And we, his children, truly we
In youth are, like the tadpole, free.
And where we would we blithely go,
Have brains and hearts and feel and know.
Then age comes on! To habit we
Affix ourselves and are not free;
Th' ascidian's rooted to a rock,
And we are bond-slaves of the clock;
Our rocks are medicine—letters—law—
From these our heads we can not draw;
Our loves drop off, our hearts drop in,
And daily thicker grows our skin.

Ah, scarce we live, we scarcely know
The wild world's moving ebb and flow,
The changing currents ring and shock,
But we are rooted to the rock.
And thus at ending of his span,
Blind, deaf and indolent does man
Revert to the ascidian.
—From Rhymes a la Mode, by A. Lang.

A Heroine in a Fix.

[All the Year Round.]

As an illustration of the care taken by some authors over their works, we may quote an anecdote relating to the late G. P. R. James, whose novels at one time had a very large circulation. "I found him," one of his friends says, "dolefully seated over a manuscript. He was not writing, but he was gazing at it in melancholy despair. I thought he was ill, and asked him whether this was the case. 'No,' he replied; he was physically well. What, then, was the matter with him? I anxiously inquired. 'It's my heroine,' he replied: 'I've got her in such a fix that I can not extricate her without a slight violation of the rules of propriety.' 'Then let her be improper, and don't let us be late for the train.' I flippantly said. 'My dear friend,' he replied, 'do you want to ruin me? Are you not aware that I live by never allowing my heroines to do anything that the most stringent mamma might object? If once the slightest doubt were raised about my nove's being sound reading for the most innocent of schoolroom girls my occupation would be gone.' And so we missed the train; but the heroine emerged from the pages of the novel a model of all the heroine ought to be under difficult circumstances."

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N. B.—On June 1st the old Bee Hive Gallery will be moved to 6 South Illinois street, and will be operated in connection with the foregoing.
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